

THE DAILY JOURNAL

The best daily paper published on the line of Central Pacific Railroad, east of Sacramento, having a general circulation throughout the territory, is especially valuable as an advertising medium.

THE DAILY AND WEEKLY JOURNAL. Have a combined circulation larger than that of any interior journal of Nevada, excepting those on the Comstock.

NEWS OF THE MORNING.

Work has begun on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

The question whether Blaine's Committee may use the \$20,000 appropriated last Winter for investigation has been finally referred to Attorney-General Devens.

Robert A. Pedrett, a Custom-house clerk of Beukhard & Hutton of New York City, accused of appropriating \$103,000 entrusted to him for payment of Customs duties, was arrested yesterday morning.

Three men are reported killed by an explosion of the nitro-glycerine works at Upper Preakness, five miles from Patterson, New Jersey. The houses were shaken as if by an earthquake.

Col. Mosby, just before starting to San Francisco en route for his China Consulate, remarked that he would return to Washington on the 4th of March, 1881, to be present at the inaugural of General Grant as President for the third term.

The billiard match between Slosson and Sexton for the championship of America, the champion medal and \$1,000 stakes, came off Friday evening at Tammany Hall. The game was three ball carom, 600 points. It was won by Sexton, Slosson having but 408 points. The game lasted three hours.

A young girl of Peoria, Ill., tells an incredible story, to the effect that last Thursday she was kidnapped, taken out of the city, tied to a tree, and her clothes set on fire—all by unknown men. She was released by unknown hands, also, and now lies unconscious at her home.

A Washington dispatch says a number of national banks have applied to the Treasury, since the relations of the First National Bank of New York with the Department have become known, asking to be made Government depositories. Such applications will in every case be granted, as the advantage to the Government is increased with the increase of the number of responsible agents.

Last Tuesday, near Crow's Landing, in Stanislaus county, Cal., John Reynolds, a blacksmith, about fifty years old and of slightly unsound mind, shot a young man named Charles Brookout, killing him. Reynolds, in turn, was shot, while attempting to escape, by William Gann, and probably mortally wounded. There is no known cause for Reynolds' action.

The weather is cold in San Francisco. The thermometer at the Mission Dolores showed at sunrise on the 25th, 26th and 27th instant a temperature of 25 degrees above zero. Friday evening the weather moderated considerably, and yesterday was cloudy with a raw east wind blowing, but in the afternoon the clouds nearly cleared off, and it seemed doubtful if the rain reported for the southern counties would reach San Francisco.

ALF. CHARTZ.

The Bodie Standard openly advocates the starting of a petition, or some other movement, asking for or looking to the release of Alf. Chartz from the State Prison at Carson. It says:

We are entirely familiar with the case, and believe that he is suffering an unjust punishment, brought about by local prejudice which was produced and inflamed by a dastardly biased description of the killing by a newspaper rival, and by a hurried trial before a judge seeking political preferment, and willing, in order to secure it, to ponder to that local feeling. As we stated before, we believe Chartz to be the victim of a most unfortunate combination of circumstances; and while he was by no means blameless in the matter of killing Rickard, he was not guilty of the crime of willful and deliberate murder, and did not deserve the extreme penalty inflicted upon him by Judge Cois. We hope our professional brethren of the Sagebrush State will stir this matter up.

The Enterprise predicts a big stock market next Spring. Well, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

NICE FEES.

The Grand Jury of Storey county has just made a report of unusual interest to taxpayers, and full of silent suggestions to legislators. The report shows that the County Assessor's fees for the past two years, less amount paid to deputies, foot up the sum of \$32,909.52. The Sheriff's office, deducting all expenses incidental thereto, yields as a total for the past two years \$15,471.08. The County Clerk's office gives as a net yield of two years the sum of \$13,318.15. The Recorder and Auditor's office gives a net yield, for the same time, \$7,503.41. The County Treasurer's office gives a net yield for the two years just closing, the sum of \$10,741.45. The net receipts of the Justices of the Peace may be briefly stated as follows for two years: Justice Township No. 1, \$10,744.45; Justice Township No. 2, \$7,250.47; Justice Township No. 3, (Gold Hill) \$7,149.50. We summarize the net receipts for two years of the Constables of the same townships in the same brief manner: Constable Township No. 1, \$10,018.11; Constable Township No. 2, \$9,920.62; Constable Township No. 3 (Gold Hill) \$4,044.60. The sum total paid the District Judge, Assessor, Sheriff, Clerk, Recorder and Auditor, District Attorney, Coroner and Public Administrator, Justices, Constables, County School Superintendent, Hospital physician and Commissioners' salaries foot up \$265,172.33. Of this sum \$185,736.41 is declared to be the net—that is, gold coin paid to the holders of the various offices mentioned. We do not wonder that the Grand Jury recommend legislative action in regard to fees and salaries. This State pays out at least 100 per cent too much to its county officers. The fee system should be done away with, and all officers salaried.

HEAP LIKE.

The New York Herald says: The problem of Chinese labor has been successfully solved at the shoe manufactory in North Adams, Massachusetts. The experiment began several years ago, which led to labor complications and disturbances, has succeeded beyond the hopes of its most ardent supporters. The Chinese employes now walk the streets with as much freedom as any citizen. Their foreman, Ah Sing, married a Virginia girl a short time ago. The workshops are filled with an equal number of American workmen and Chinese, all working on the same pay. Quite a large number of Chinese propose applying for citizenship. Many of them are educated and some have joined the churches. We have an idea those Eastern folks will not enjoy the thing after they have had it as long as us Pacific Coasters.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

Geo. M. Weston has written a book on the silver question which, from the variety of views taken and commented upon, we should judge is a work of rare excellence. The book is dedicated to Hon. John P. Jones, in the following graceful terms:

Nobody has ever more completely grasped, or more perspicuously pointed out the subtle and pervading influence of the volume of money by its effect on prices, upon all the relations of civilized man, and you have shrunk from no sacrifice of time or ease, and have never been diverted by either attacks, threats, seductions or sophistries in your efforts to protect property, enterprise and industry from the insidious mischiefs of an appreciating measure of values.

In presuming, however, to dedicate this volume to you, I have been less influenced either by that admiration of your abilities, which I feel in common with all your countrymen or by the pre-tige of your success, as the leader of the restoration of silver in the United States, after a controversy which has profoundly fixed the attention of the world, then by the undoubted conviction that you have devoted yourself to the labor of financial questions for no personal objects, and not even from that ambition which is the last infirmity of noble minds, but from the generous ardor of your interest in the welfare of the masses of mankind.

The San Francisco Call thinks the \$600,000 in our Treasury is a tempting bait. But it says that if it is put to no more use than in building an Insane Asylum, a House of Refuge, School of Mines, and a new State Prison, the State will have something to show for the expenditure.

Nathan Douglas has discovered a coal mine near the Humboldt house. We hope it will prove to be a good one.

Our members of the Legislature will leave for Carson in a few days. They want to be there two or three days before the Legislature meets.

AN ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Discourse by Professor Seeley—Not a New Discovery—Its Permanent Success Guaranteed.

A well attended meeting of the New York Academy of Science was held Monday evening in the rooms of the New York of Medicine, No. 12 West Thirty-first street. Dr. Newberry occupied the chair. Professor Charles A. Seeley delivered an interesting discourse on "The electric light." He said:—The electric light is supposed by many to be among the most recent of electrical inventions; but this is not so, for Sir Humphrey Davy exhibited it in the year 1810, employing for the purpose a galvanic battery of 3,000 cells. Since that time it has been familiar to professors of chemistry and their students at all the large colleges. But it was regarded only as a curious fact or a brilliant illustration of science. At first the great cost and the annoyances in its management did not give a resting place for a suggestion that it would ever become a useful light. Probably, also, Davy was the first to exhibit the electric light of the incandescence of platinum and carbon; perhaps his incandescent light is insignificant in the light of the arc.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

In the year 1840 we commenced to have greatly improved generators and electricity came to be cheaper and more manageable. In 1844 the first patent for it was issued, and that to an American. From that year there has been a stream of patents constantly increasing in volume. The electric generators have been steadily improved and the conditions of producing the light are better understood. Electricity is now cheap and we know how to use it. To day the solid and permanent success of the electric light is achieved and guaranteed. Experience in its constant use as a light house beacon extends to fifteen years. I consider it established also that all the desirable qualities and properties of gaslight are found in the electric light and that the electric light has desirable qualities in addition. The relative cost of equal quantities of gaslight and electric light will generally determine which should be used, but there will be many cases in which the advantages of electric light will be so conspicuous that gaslight will not be understood as saying that the electric light is going to take the place of gas for all purposes, but for beacon lights, lighting streets, theatres, public and private picture galleries and libraries there is no doubt it will supersede gas. If you could get the same quantity of light out of gas, the heat would be stifling; and again, the electric light is much better for the eye. Some people suppose that light depends on heat, but it has been demonstrated by Dr. Draper that there is no relation at all between light and heat. I believe there are no mechanical equivalents of light and heat.

POPULARITY OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

You see I am very favorable to electric light. It was used fifteen years ago in England and France, and to-day it is used by all civilized nations, in light houses and on steamships. We have had the best improvements in the electric light, and there is no good reason why we should not have utilized it ten years ago. The electric light was subdivided and used for illumination purposes in a private residence at Salem, Mass., thirteen years ago. In our youth none of us saw an illuminator greater than that produced by five or six candles burning in a room. Now, we would not sit in a room under a light that was not as strong as that produced by fifteen or thirty candles. That makes me think that when we have the electric light it will not be a cheaper light than gas, as we will want still more light. About twelve years ago Horace Greeley was a member of an association to promote the success of the electric light, in which he took a great interest, and his paper published some articles at the time which treated the subject very intelligently. You read in the newspapers a good deal about the difficulties which lie in the way of dividing the current or dividing the light. This idea of a difficulty in dividing the light is a bugbear. Some people seem to think that when you divide the whole you will not have two halves left.

EASILY SUBDIVIDED.

What is there in nature that cannot be divided without leaving all the parts that were equal to the whole? There is not anything under heaven so easy to be divided as electricity, all that is necessary being to divide the conductors of the current proportionally. It has been shown by scientific men in England that the same effect can be produced by the electric light at 400 as at 100 miles, and at the same expense. I suggest that the difficulties in the subdivisions of the electric light are not greater than those that were met with in distributing water and gas over large cities.

RARE SPECIMEN OF SILVER.

A prominent feature of the evening was the exhibition of several rare specimens of native silver, from Silver Islet, Lake Superior, and said to be unparalleled by anything ever before taken from the mineral kingdom. Professor Henry Wartz also exhibited specimens of a new metal composed of arsenic and silver, found at the same place, and denominated by him "huntsite." He explained the conditions under which it was discovered and showed an analysis of the metal on a blackboard.—New York Herald.

The New Year Journal will be the "boss." When we think of all there is to be in it we wonder if we are not running a paper in New York.

Annie McKeene's Romance.

The following obituary notice appeared in one of the New Orleans papers during the month of September:

SISTER CELESTE—In this city, at the Convent of the Sister Celeste, on Wednesday, September 18, 1878, Solemn High Mass of Requiem at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, next Friday, at 9 o'clock A. M.

One September day, in the fall of 1862, there rode up to the old, but comfortable looking farm-house of Andrew Harris, near Independence, Mo., a band of seventy men, armed to the teeth with shot-guns and revolvers. They were all strong and young, and had an unconcerned air of determined bravery. All sat well on their horses, were young and hardy looking. A few were boys, while others had beard and long hair. They were dressed in divers styles—some in red, blue or checked flannel shirts, others wore coats. All had boots coming up over the pantaloons above the knee, and most with big spurs at the heels. Their horses were magnificent, and well decked off with showy bridles. At the head of the company rode a small man with a pale face, light, short mustache. It was Quantrell and his men. Who needs to be told who they were, or what they were. Not such robbers or frightful-looking people as some would imagine, but had enough, indeed. They opened the gate of the barn-yard, and went in and dismounted, having left a guard for the hill half a mile back. They pulled the hay down, opened the corn-crib, and made themselves at home without saying a word to Andrew Harris, the good old farmer they had come to despoil. He was not disturbed, he was ready to give them all he had, for he was one of that numerous class who lived in that section that was but too ready to succor anybody whose mission it was to fight the Kansas Jayhawkers. The guerrillas then found Mr. Harris a friend, warm and ready to aid them, even at the risk of his life. Quantrell was invited to take dinner at the house with the family, and his officers were invited to come with him. One who went with him was John McKeene, in courage or stature the peer of any man in the command, and one of the great guerrilla chieftains' most trusted counselors. He had become famous for daring deeds, as well as a handsome appearance. He had come from Cass county, and in the breaking out of the war his father and two brothers had been killed by Jennison's men, from Kansas. McKeene took an oath that no grass should grow under his feet in his pursuit of the murderers of his father and his brothers, and he kept his oath with a frightful vengeance. He like most of his comrades in arms, became a desperado, with revenge as the impelling motive. He had killed men both old and young. He had learned to shoot them down with as much deliberateness as if he were engaged in a simple practice of marksmanship. But he was handsome, for all that. He stooped like an athlete, and had a rule manner that was graceful in its way. He wore a wide-brimmed, light colored hat, on which was pinned a black feather, a wide belt of red morocco with gold embroidery, and the cavalry boots of a Federal colonel. In this belt swung a pair of ivory handled navy revolvers—all the arms that he used and all that he carried. With these he was a master, always ready, quick as a panther, and deadly in his aim. Sitting on his horse or standing on foot, he might be the envy of the noblest-formed, and most ambitious knight that ever belonged to the Round Table.

There was then, instead of fear, enthusiasm at the house of Quantrell came in to forage on him. Never were corn, hay and oats, as well as food for the men, given away with a better good will. But Andrew Harris was not alone in his hospitality. His wife had a son with Price, and another buried on the field of Wilson's Creek. She was doing a labor of love. And there was another—the only child left at home—a girl seventeen years old, who, like many of her sex in that time and country, had wished a hundred times that she were a man, that she might go into the war.

She was rather pretty. Her eyes were blacker than an Indian maiden's and as piercing, and her hair was as long and straight—a type of women well known to those who lived in Western Missouri in those troublous days. She had made flags, large and small, which she gave to those of her neighborhood who went out to fight. She had made herself a dress of red and white. Any sort of rebel soldier to her was a demigod. The wild insanity of the times found in her a splendid representative. Her name, young as she was, had been spoken throughout half a hundred counties. She was known at every Federal post in the State, and the authorities had often threatened to banish or imprison her.

As a woman, she was notorious as John McKeene was a man. They had heard of each other many a time, and had longed to see each other. He had said she was the bravest woman in Missouri; she had said he was the bravest man of all the rough riders of the border. Consequently, when they met at her father's table, it was a cordial meeting, and each was more than pleased.

As the sun went down Quantrell and his men rode away, and as they passed along in front of the house, Annie stood at the gate and received a salute from each one. Then it was that she wished more fervently than ever that she was a man, that she might go along.

On the following morning, before

the sun came up, the advance guard of the pursuing Federals came up to the house of Andrew Harris in hot pursuit. They had been told by a dozen friendly citizens of the hospitality extended to Quantrell and his men by the old farmer, and this was offense enough. They called him out, and, after a few unimportant questions, shot him down, then burned the house. In less than an hour they had made a scene of black desolation and the girl and the mother had sought refuge with a kind-hearted neighbor. It was the way of the times—a characteristic of guerrilla warfare, and something that needs no apology now, since time has dried up the tears, buried the dead, and put out the fires.

The pursuit of Quantrell continued until he was overtaken. There was a close, sharp fight, which resulted in the defeat and disbandment of the guerrillas. John McKeene returned to the ruins of the Harris homestead and learned the whole story. He met Annie Harris, and the two pledged their vows of eternal vengeance. There was more than that. She said she would go with him and deal the blows of death as he did.

On horseback they went to a humble preacher's house, and without alighting, had him make them man and wife. She threw away her woman's dress and donned male attire. She put on belt, beside, and two revolvers, and her long hair she tucked up under her hat. She looked as much like a soldier as many a young boy that went out with Quantrell.

The whole land was full of Federal soldiers, and John McKeene and his guerrilla wife had to share the dangers and privations of all of their kind. Their home was the saddle, their shelter the woods, they were together in more than one ambush attack, and together in more than one of the hated enemies bite the dust. When the winter came and the leaves left the trees, they rode away to the south, and waited there till the leaves were again as big as the ears of the squirrels, then they returned to their constant battle ground. On one June morning, 1863, as they and half a dozen others were riding along over the prairie, near the little town of Lee's Summit, they were met by a detachment of the Seventh Missouri Militia. There was a desperate encounter, in which John McKeene was shot dead and Annie McKeene was shot through the shoulder; the others of the guerrillas escaped.

When the Federals came up to where McKeene and his wife fell, one of the soldiers leveled his revolver at the head of the young woman in disguise, but before the trigger was pulled she had thrown off her hat, snatched her long hair down, and sat up before him with the face of a woman. The revolver was put up and the mystery solved. She had told them all she had lived for had gone, but that she did not feel ready to die herself. She begged them to give her companion the best burial they could, and said she wanted to go to Kansas City. There was a tone of voice and a style of earnestness about her conversation that touched the heart of the rough soldiers, and they buried John McKeene out on the broad prairie; but not a stone or a piece of wood lay nearer than half a dozen miles of that place of the grave.

A PROMISE FULFILLED.—The remains of the late Frank M. Thayer, killed at the Ward mine, in Virginia City, on Thursday last, arrived here yesterday afternoon, and were interred in the Mountain View Cemetery. It will be remembered that the eldest son of the deceased, Harry Thayer, a very promising young man, was drowned while bathing in Alameda creek, about eighteen months ago. Through the efforts of the father the body was finally recovered and interred in Mountain View Cemetery, and a week or two since the managers of the cemetery wrote to the father to know if they should proceed with certain improvements of the plot which had been spoken of but not ordered by him, some months previously. The father wrote to go on with the improvements, and that he would come down on the 16th—yesterday. He arrived, a corpse, on that day, and was buried beside his son.—Oakland Tribune.

The public will not believe in situations by other advertisers in the same line that the jewelry store of L. Friedman is not a reliable one. Prompt attention to business, prompt payment of honest debts, and a stock of goods, the like of which was never before seen in Reno, are enough to convince all who visit the store. Goods sold cheaper than ever.

CAUTION NOTICE.

THE PUBLIC ARE HEREBY CAUTIONED against purchasing the following certificates of stock of the Infant Gold and Silver Mining Company, the same having been sold to pay delinquent assessments thereon.

| Name. | No. Cert. | Shares. | Amt. |
|------------------|-----------|---------|----------|
| W A Sexton..... | 2 | 10,000 | \$500.00 |
| R C Johnson..... | 3 | 1,000 | 50.00 |
| R C Johnson..... | 7 | 500 | 25.00 |
| J K Everett..... | 9 | 500 | 25.00 |
| R C Johnson..... | 17 | 250 | 12.50 |
| R C Johnson..... | 20 | 100 | 5.00 |
| R C Johnson..... | 21 | 100 | 5.00 |
| R C Johnson..... | 24 | 50 | 2.50 |
| J Colman..... | 27 | 200 | 10.00 |
| W B McGuire..... | 28 | 50 | 2.50 |
| J K Everett..... | 29 | 8500 | 425.00 |
| R C Johnson..... | 31 | 150 | 7.50 |
| R C Johnson..... | 32 | 100 | 5.00 |
| R C Johnson..... | 33 | 100 | 5.00 |
| R C Johnson..... | 34 | 50 | 2.50 |
| R C Johnson..... | 35 | 50 | 2.50 |
| R C Johnson..... | 36 | 50 | 2.50 |
| R C Johnson..... | 37 | 50 | 2.50 |
| R C Johnson..... | 38 | 50 | 2.50 |
| R C Johnson..... | 41 | 100 | 5.00 |
| R C Johnson..... | 42 | 100 | 5.00 |
| R C Johnson..... | 43 | 100 | 5.00 |
| R C Johnson..... | 49 | 250 | 12.50 |
| R C Johnson..... | 61 | 500 | 25.00 |
| F M Clunk..... | 70 | 100 | 5.00 |

By order of the Board of Trustees, B. J. LAKE, Secretary.

Reno, Dec. 29, 1878.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED

FOR—
W. H. HOLMES,
(Two Doors East of the Postoffice.)
Who will enumerate his Holiday and other Goods as soon as the stock is assorted.



THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF
MEERSCHAUM & AMBER
GOODS.

Ever Brought to Reno can now be seen at

E. MEYER'S

CIGAR AND TOBACCO STORE.

A Full Line of First-Class Brands of

CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO.

IMPORTED CIGARS.

A new arrival of all leading brands.

The Best BIT Cigar in the State!

CIGARETTES IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

Playing Cards Cheaper Than Ever.

E. MEYER,

Commercial Row, Manning & Duck's

THE SADDEST WORDS

OF TONGUE OR PEN, ARE THE SIMPLE words it might have been

SOLD FOR CASH.

But it was charged, penciled—

WANT MONEY.

All my money is in Sierra Nevada.

CAN'T PAY.

Three dollar assessment, you know.

WILL PAY YOU SOON

As I pay my assessment on Julia.

The business proposition with us is simply

this—All accounts due us must be paid either by

CASH or NOTE bearing interest 1% per cent.,

before Jan. 10th or the cash of collection will

be added to bill, and on and after January 1st,

1879, we will sell N. M. EAT on no longer credit

than thirty days, unless by special agreement.

NORTON & LINT.

Truckee Market.

Virginia Street, Reno. dec21

CAUTION NOTICE.

THE PUBLIC ARE HEREBY CAUTIONED against purchasing the following certificates of stock in the Jones & Kincaid G. & S. M. Co., the same having been sold this day to pay delinquent assessments on account of assessment No. 7, levied October 22, 1878:

| Name | No. Cert. | Shares. | Amt. |
|------------------------------|-----------|---------|-------|
| E W Cault..... | 42 | 200 | 10.00 |
| L C Savage..... | 130 | 100 | 5.00 |
| Mrs D B Boyd..... | 152 | 50 | 2.50 |
| L B Burchard..... | 205 | 200 | 10.00 |
| L C Batchelder, trustee..... | 276 | 100 | 5.00 |
| L C Batchelder, trustee..... | 329 | 250 | 12.50 |
| H L Fish..... | 281 | 500 | 25.00 |
| H W Barlow..... | 35 | 1000 | 50.00 |
| J L McFarlin..... | 345 | 500 | 25.00 |

By order of the Board of Trustees, L. C. BATCHELDER, Secretary.

Reno, December 21, 1878.

L. E. FRIEDMAN.

THE "BOSS BARBER,"
Desires to inform his friends and the public generally that he is still to be found at his

SHAVING & HAIRDRESSING PALACE

Virginia Street,

Opposite C. J. Brockins' Variety Store.

NONE BUT THE BEST ARTISTS EMPLOYE

